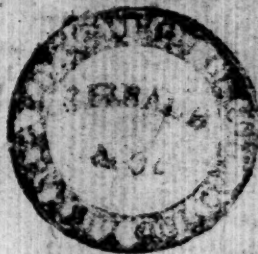


THE
DEVIL DIVORCED, &c.

(PRICE HALF A CROWN.)



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THE
DEVIL DIVORCED;

OR,
THE DIABO-WHORE.

Θέλω, Θέλω φιλεῖσθαι

ANACREON, Ode 14th.

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. SMITH; and sold by the Bookfellers of PICCADILLY, the
STRAND, TEMPLE-BAR, FLEET-STREET, and PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M,DCC,LXXXII.

THE
DEVIL DIVORCED;

OR
THE DIABO-WHORE.



London, Printed and Sold by the Bookellers of Piccadilly, the Strand, Temple-Bar, Fleet-Street, and Pall-mall.

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1794

P R E F A C E.

THOSE who are not conversant with the affairs and transactions of what is called the Beau Monde, and who are unacquainted with the vices and dissipation that at present so generally prevail among those to whose lot it hath fallen to move in the higher and more exalted ranks and stations, will probably think the characters of many of the great personages drawn in the following sheets, grossly overcharged. This, however, the Author is sorry to say is by no means the case. Of many of the transactions here alluded to, he has been himself a spectator, and the accounts of those, the truth of which he has it not in his power to vouch for from his own personal knowledge, he has received from men of the nicest and most scrupulous honour and integrity ---men who would be as far from advancing an untruth, as the author from inserting that which he did not really believe to be fact.

This work is meant as a kind of satire, not altogether on the vices of the age, but rather of individuals--of such as are eminently bad, and of such as, devoid of every virtuous principle, have signalized themselves by the constant and steady pursuit of vice. My principal aim has been to arraign and lash their vices, and at the same time to ridicule and expose their follies; though I must confess that, in my opinion, there is at present infinitely more need of the gall of a Juvenal, than of the salt of an Horace.

Many will contend, and at first sight with great appearance of reason and justice, that a man may both lash the vices, and laugh at the follies of the age, without descending to personalities. But this, in better days, would, I fear, be, for the most part, unattended with the desired effect. It surely must be allowed that the poet is then justified in singling out an individual, when that individual is become a public nuisance; when, by a long course of wickedness and debauchery, he hath broken every tie of virtue and of honor. But, for my excuse in this particular, I might plead the example of the great Satyrist of Rome. In the time of Horace, unfortunate was it, they say, for the man whose name would stand in a verse. The bad man I suppose they mean.

I have endeavoured, as far as I have been able, to correct crimes, rather than little extravagancies; and at the same time I have wished that chastisement should accompany admonition.

Thofe

Those who have once, by the commission of any flagrant crime, violated the rules of virtue, are seldom of themselves awakened to a proper sense of their past conduct, and thereby induced to reform.

*Non vera virtus cum semel excedit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.*

As travellers, passing the Alps, if they do but once in the least deviate from the beaten path, are betrayed into unavoidable precipices. Thus, those who have once forsaken the paths of virtue, commonly continue in their iniquity, and by degrees proceed to the commission of the greatest enormities ; for the perpetration of one bad act, leads us sensibly to that of a second. But many there are who persist in the course in which they have entered, merely because their evil practices are hid from the eye of the world. Many there are, who, in private, or with a chosen few, scruple not to do things, of which, in a public assembly, they would speak in terms of the utmost abhorrence.

If any one should be induced, in consequence of any thing said of him in this satire, to amend his manners, in any the smallest degree, the end proposed will be fully answered. Though I do not suppose that vice and folly can entirely be rooted out of the world, by the pen of the severest Satyrift ; yet I am not without hopes that
this

this exposition of them may be attended with some salutary effects.

My desire throughout is to serve the cause of good manners and virtue, and to put vice to the blush. How far I have succeeded, it is not my part to determine. I have taken this opportunity, however, of averring, upon the word of a man of honor, that I have not, in the smallest degree, been actuated by private pique or resentment, nor am I conscious of the least malevolence towards any person here alluded to.--Not against the man, but his vices, the shafts of this satire are directed.

THE

DEVIL DIVORCED, &c.

THE Devil at length began to find his wife
 Rather the plague, than comfort of his life :
 So deeming her a most amazing bore,
 Resolv'd to be a buck, and keep a w---.
 Straightway throughout his realms his imps proclaim
 A solemn council in their master's name.
 Instant the peers attend, the council sate,
 The Emperor thus open'd the debate.

B

Princes

Princes and potentates of hell attend,
 My faithful pimps to earth again to send
 It is my firm resolve; to search around,
 'Till a fit partner for my bed they've found.

Some time ago, on a like errand sent,
 Your execution gave me full content.
 What bliss is there in life that will not cloy?
 My wife was once my great, my only joy;
 But she is now grown stale, you'll all allow;
 I'm sure for three long years, as times go now,
 To continue faithful to the same fair,
 Is what's become astonishingly rare.
 In short, I'll be divorc'd, and will advance
 Her majesty a *sep'rate maintenance*.
 What's my desire, ye matchless peers of hell,
 What w---e will suit me best, I now will tell.
 A common punk my wish will not supply,
 Her sins must be of a much darker dye:
 She must be conversant with ev'ry guilt,
 A wicked, crafty, prostituted jilt.
 No Perdita--nor *Annstead* will suffice,
 No *Dally-tall*, nor Bird of Paradise.

Nor

THE DEVIL DIVORCED.

7

Nor those fair nymphs who ev'ry night resort
 To Drury lane, or Cumberland's fam'd court ;
 Nor those who Cath'rine street trudge up and down,
 Th' insipid purchase of an half a crown.
 Tho' youth and beauty grace the am'rous fair,
 Yet youth and beauty often prove a snare.
 Tho' all the angel's pictur'd in their face,
 A curs'd disease oft mars the lewd embrace ;
 Thro' ev'ry limb the dire infection steals,
 And half a nose the poignant shame reveals.
 * What, tho' Peg C r, or Mademoiselle
 Pleaseth' hear apparent to the British Throne,
 Such trollops will not suit your sov'reign lord,
 His grosser taste with mine doth not accord :

As

* With the characters and histories of the ladies here mentioned, the reader, if at all conversant with the town, must be well acquainted. A short account of the latter may not, perhaps, be unacceptable ; as she, on account of her short stay in this country, may not be so universally known. She came over last winter as a dancer at the Opera. She had been in this metropolis but a very little time, when the — of — became her admirer, and was so sensibly struck with her charms, that he absolutely took her into keeping. She had lived very pleasantly in private lodgings in the neighbourhood of Berkley-square for above six weeks, when it appeared, that, though he enjoyed her charms by night, yet that others at least shared them with him by day ; for a certain disorder broke out on him, which was the cause of his long confinement last year. As he suspected nothing of the kind, he had suffered it to get to a head. before he took any steps to effect a cure. The connection of course here ceased, and the lady, as soon as her engagements with the manager would permit, returned to the continent.

THE DEVIL DIVORCED.

As bad as these there are ten thousand more,
Their worst and greatest crime is that they w---e;
At most their's are but petty, trifling faults,
That scarce deserve the trouble of your thoughts.

Besides, O what a terrible mishap!
Should they bestow on me a --- or ---;
There are not sold, you all must know full well,
My friend L---ke's justly famous pills in hell.

A Commoner my mistress must not be,
She must have birth, and rank, and quality;
She must be guilty of gigantic crimes,
Unheard, unknown, unthought in former times.
On all occasions she must still profess
A study'd, an elab'rate wickedness;
Competitors in guilt she must disdain,
And so unrivall'd she shall ever reign
Mistress alike of both my realm and heart,
And shall be stil'd great Satan's counterpart.
The great, the glorious place of pimp to hell,
Is the reward of him who shall excel
In th' execution of my plan, the gains
Are surely more than equal to the pains.

If

THE DEVIL DIVORCED.

9

If such a mistress you, my friends, procure,
My bliss is full, my happiness secure.
Fly then, in haste, my servants, fly, employ
Your utmost pains to bring your master joy.

He ceas'd ; eager the messengers obey,
And instant fally to the realms of day.
Let us, the while his faithful crew above
Are seeking her who to their master's love
Has greatest claim, behold another set
Lock'd up with Satan in his cabinet.
The counsellors, when met in close divan,
Satan arose, and, bowing, thus began.

Ye grave and rev'rend ministers of state,
Matters I now unfold of greatest weight :
A messenger behold last night came down
Express from my * ambassador in town,
With an account of ev'ry *beau garçon* :

Of

* The King of Hell, like other princes, has his ambassadors and ministers in every town of importance throughout the world. Count H—— is at present supposed to enjoy that honourable office, and to act in the double capacity of minister of the court of ———, and plenipotentiary to the Prince of Darkness.

Of all the bucks and bloods, who, when they end
 Their lives, will down to Tartarus descend.
 On all, some place, I must, of course, you know,
Pension, or *contract* at the least, bestow.
 Succinctly now, I am about to tell,
 Those qualities in which they all excell.
 First on my list a man of rank appears,
 Far vers'd in wickedness above his years.
 The *Prince of Wales*, if I can ought foretell,
 Will most assuredly come down to hell.
 Whenever vice or lewdness lead the way,
 With what officious zeal doth he obey?
 Him no ambition moves to seek renown;
 To be esteem'd the *greatest buck* in town
 Appears to be his wish and sole delight:
 Full many times, at twelve o'clock at night,
 I've known him, drunk, with half a dozen more,
 Kick up a row, break lamps, perhaps a door,
 And, to conclude the night, to bilk his w---e. *

What

* And to thrash the wretch too, or a watchman, might have been added. The latter he thinks a most excellent joke; but for a piece of wit of this sort he was very near

THE DEVIL DIVORCED.

11

What place will suit him best I cannot tell,
 For ev'n in wickedness he don't excell :
 Not but that he's willing, if he could,
 'Tis sense he wants, his inclination's good.
 Except a stag-chace, drunken-bout, or w---e,
 His head contains not one idea more.
 This is his daily pray'r, May ----- prevail !
 May hounds, and w----s, and claret never fail !

Such is the -----, that dull, unthinking he
 Who will *Great Britain's* -----'s future ----- Be,
 A burlesque on the name of ----- !

With him Lord *Malden* I shall here expect,
 His wive ~~and~~, fychophant, and pimp direct :

Scorn-

near, about three months ago, paying very dear. He, with his companions, not more than six or seven in number, meeting with a single watchman in Pall-mall, on their return from one of the nunneries in the vicinity, courageously resolved to attack him, and give him a drubbing. Unfortunately for our heroes, some of his brethren of the rattle, hearing the noise, came to his assistance, rescued him, and securing them, lodged them safely in the round-house. The next morning, after paying a few guineas, by way of bribe that they might not be carried to Bow-street, they were suffered to depart in peace.

Scorning in shabbiness to be outdone,
 He'll pimp for ----, then take his *butter'd bun*.^{*}
 See, at the dissipated peer's right hand,
 The spunging, the officious B---- stand :
 He's blest with suppleuess, some little sense,
 Some wit ; but what a stock of impudence !
 A smooth and flatt'ring tongue, an easy grace,
 A curse within a smile upon his face.
 Around th' admiring prince he ever dangles,
 Bowing his pliant limbs to meer right angles ;

Flatters

* For an explanation of this phrase, I have searched Johnson, and all our other dictionaries of repute, but without success. The reader, however, on this account, must not conclude that it is here used as a mere expletive, and because it chances to be rhyme; for being authentically informed that his lordship has no kind of objection to a buttered bun, provided it be after his —, I have inserted it merely as a fact. Whoever is acquainted with his lordship's character, will conclude of course that it is something honourable and virtuous.

† This gentleman, about three years since, got a company in the militia. A person would in vain look for his qualifications in the map of the county; qualifications of the sort here spoken of first recommended him to the nobleman whose character is next delineated, who gave him his commission. He lived on his lordship for some time, but he at length quitted his service for that of a person of higher rank. The title by which he is at present generally known, is that of *Jester to the* — of —.

Flatters thro' thick and thin, the while he sneers

The vanity and pride of him that hears.

Mon Dieu ! ah que de grace ! ah que de gout !

Combien d'esprit ! ---aside--- combien de fou !

This sycophant, who shares and sneers the treat,

Is a mere wasp, in all its parts complete ;

Which buzzes round you with officious wing,

Consumes your fruit, then pays you with a sting.

Well would it be, for this same bubbled dunce,

If he could, like a wasp, sting only once.

H --- comes next, a puppy pert and vain,

The veryest blockhead of the blockhead train :

His wish and great ambition is to merit

The appellation of a man of spirit.

A phaeton he keeps, and w---e, to seem a ---,

But this he knows not how to drive, or that to ---,

To be esteem'd a blood, he's making haste

His health, his fortune, and his fame to waste :

He games, he swears, keeps hounds and horses too,

And why ? Because 'tis knowing so to do.

THE DEVIL DIVORCED.

Of that, which others strive to hide, he's vain ;

* For sooner than be thought not -----, he'll feign.

Far other conduct reason would persuade,

But what is reason to a *buckish* blade ?

Reason to H ----- is as little known

As gen'rous wine beneath the frigid zone.

Likewise three brothers of a noble race,

Wyndham by name, will justly claim a place

I'll give you first the character of th' Earl : † *of Egremont.*

To mix with grooms, to quaff strong beer or purl,

To swear and drink by day, to game by night,

Alone are his amusements and delight :

T' excel

* This is certainly a most extraordinary species of affectation ; but his lordship is by no means singular in this respect : for many of our young men of the present age, in order to appear knowing and buckish, are continually boasting of such disorders as a proof of their prowess.

† This nobleman, some time since, was on the point of marriage with one of the amiable Lady ----- ; but a few days before the consummation of the nuptials, on a most trifling and frivolous pretence, he broke off the connection. I know not with what justice, but it was reported that his lordship, by a long course of drinking and debauchery, had so debilitated and unmanned himself, that he was unwilling to enter into wedlock.

T' excel him any black-legs I'll defy,
In packing cards, or cogging of the dye.

-----, by profession, is a man of war, *
But hath not yet in fight receiv'd a scar ;
And never will I'll venture to engage,
For he's the greatest coward of the age ;
The veryest poltroon I ever knew :
He's been t' America, you'll say,—'tis true.
He went, but cursedly against his will,
For th' instant that he landed, he sham'd ill.

The

* This gentleman, on leaving Westminster School, went into the guards. From this corps large draughts have been made for foreign service ; but he, by some means or other, constantly contrived to remain at home. At one time he was in a bad state of health ; at another a near relation was just dead : at length, when all his excuses failed him, he bought into another regiment. Guess his disappointment ! it was almost instantly ordered to America. With his comrades, however unwillingly, he was now obliged to embark ; he had no sooner landed at New York, than he feigned sickness, and on that account got leave to return. He soon after got a company in the fifty second. He preferred this corps to any other, as it had been almost cut to pieces, and was now returned to recruit, and therefore was not likely soon to go abroad again. But he was, in no respect, calculated to serve under so gallant an officer, and so strict a disciplinarian, as Colonel S—ub—n—e. The fatigues of a camp, though at home, were much too severe for his delicate frame, and unwarlike disposition. He no sooner received orders to join the regiment, encamped on Playden heights, than he quitted the service. He has since bought into a regiment now raising, which he will, probably, leave, as soon as complete and fit for action.

The *Duck-leg'd* ----- * is so like his brother,
 That what I've said of one, applies to t'other.
 -----, the insignificant, has got,
 His brother's courage and a shoulder-knot;
 But has got some little share of sense,
 to this has clearly no pretence.

See C-----, entic'd by love of sport,
 To fam'd Newmarket's busy fields resort;
 Proud to be thought the foremost of the train,
 Nor less impell'd by fordid hopes of gain.
 He deeply betts, and flush'd by vain conceit,
 Ventures his thousands on a single heat.

But, ah! his golden hopes at once are cross'd,
 His faithless rider runs beside the post:

Stung

* It is not my purpose in these sheets to rally any one on any personal deformity, or defect. This is by much too mean a mark for the shafts of the satyrical muse: But this appellation the young gentleman here spoken of acquired at ----- School, and still retains. A most ridiculous affair happened lately to him at Mrs. K----- a noted nunnery in A-----n-street. He had been a constant visitor at the house for some months, and, notwithstanding all his promises, had never made either the Lady Abbess or any one of her nuns a present of a single farthing. They press'd him rather closely, on the evening before his departure for the country, on a recruiting party, at least to discharge the bills for supper, &c. Upon which he gave himself a great many airs, and was very abusive. To this behaviour, however, they quickly put an end, by ducking him in the tub in which the nuns constantly bathe every morning, and by tossing him in a blanket.

Stung with the trick, the novice idly raves,
The sport of jockies, and the prey of knaves.

Vers'd in debauchery for fifty years,
Next on my list old ~~Queensberry~~ appears ;
His blood corrupted runs thro' ev'ry vein,
And g-----s cause eternal pain :
Where sickness dwelling, renders him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
One day the dotard of his back complains,
And now his leg, and now his shoulder pains.
With ----- he is so beleagu'd around,
He has not got a limb about him sound.
His feeble ----, in vain provoked to rise,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies.
Add, that endav'ring without effect,
A lust more fordid justly I suspect.

E

Cease,

* The D-ke of To the best of my recollection, he is at present the oldest buck on the town. A person, on passing him, would not suppose him to be more than fifty or fifty five years old at most : but it is said that his Grace conceals the ravages of time by the application of carmine, and other cosmetics, in the skilful and dextrous use of which he excels in a most astonishing degree.

Cease, feeble dotard, cease, nor strive t' advance
 With strength exhausted, and with feeble lance,
 In lovely V----' vig'rous fights t' engage,
 And there thy l——s i——e t' assuage.
 E'en H----- hand, which might bid heat return
 In frozen age, and make cold hermits burn,
 Apply'd to thy, warms no more,
 Than fire to ashes can past flames restore ;
 But all provocatives to thee are vain,
 No blandishment thy —— — can strain :
 Thou monstrous wretch, in whom at once doth rage
 The flames of youth, and impotence of age ;
 Wither'd, unmann'd, worn out to that degree,
 Thou can'st not e'en be —— to lechery.
 Reflect, vain dotard, what avails that fire
 Which of stimulating inspire.
 In vain with you may strive
 To fire the frozen blood of sev'nty five ;
 Nor will, as you desire,
 The vigour or the strength of youth inspire,

Remem-

Remember ——, e'er it be too late,
 Of lustful * A——r th' unhappy fate :
 Like you, he on rely'd,
 But mark, the beast *in ipso facto* dy'd.

Restless D -- --, as if averse to peace,
 Thro' life's whole course is govern'd by caprice.
 He loves, he hates, he smiles, he frowns by turns,
 Now melts with pity, now with fury burns ;
 The dupe of passion, or the slave of art,
 He acts a simple, or a knavish part.

* I -- -- would fain be thought a beau garçon,
 Tho' he's despis'd by every girl in town :
 Tho' he's but little more than three feet high,
 He thinks himself a man of gallantry.

With

Genl Armiger

* The history of the unfortunate officer here alluded to, is most incontrovertibly true : it is too well known, to need in this place any further comment or illustration.

* This little gentleman will probably be very much surprized to find himself comprehended in a list of the bucks of the age : though, to be esteemed a buck is the height of his ambition. But let him not be puffed up with his imagined importance : for, to tell the truth, I had drawn his character without once reflecting on his insignificance ; and, as it was so very like, I was unwilling to rub it out. If any one should be desirous of a further acquaintance with him, he is to be met with every night at some one of the public places. He never remains five minutes in the same spot ; but is continually removing from box to box, to the great disturbance of the whole audience. The causes of this restlessness are supposed to be, his commission, which he has just bought, and his new regimentals, which he is very desirous of shewing.

THE DEVIL DIVORCED.

With what surprize this manakin would hear

His legs are crooked, yet the case is clear.

Mistaken wight ! 'tis very clear, thy t—

Can't ----- school.

Of *Lade* a character in brief you have,

Sir ---- is not so much a fool as knave.

See wretched P——, who, with selfish pride,

Sees heaps of gold extend on ev'ry side ;

E'n o'er his narrow soul some flatt'ring tale,

Some well-feigned art, some promise may prevail :

Let but his hopes some specious bubble feed,

Fir'd with the hopes of gain, the wretch will bleed.

Without one virtue to redeem thy fame,

To thee, O **Onslow*, ev'ry vice lays claim :

Sunk quite below the reach of infamy,

What foul description's foul enough for thee ?

One like to thee I know not where to find,

That seems a man, and herds with human kind.

Let

* This gentleman, immediately after the affair at the *Exhibition*, is supposed to have left this country, and to be now resident in Italy : but the fact is, he is at this present with a private tutor at his father's house in —, preparing for holy orders.

George Onslow

Let S——m speak, and let G——h tell
Thy vice, I scarce can name it e'en in hell.
No nymph, however fair, but only ——,
Will suit his purposes of beastly joys.
Lost to all sense of honour and of shame,
T' a place in hell no one has juster claim :
On earth thou'rt almost sunk beneath contempt,
Since e'en from b----- thou'rt not exempt.

Thus far had Satan said, when, lo an imp,
Beelzebub by name, a trusty pimp ;
But now returning from the realms of man,
Enter'd the senate-house, and thus began,
“ What time : The cock proclaim'd th' approach of day,
And faint Aurora wav'd her banners gray ;
Borne on a cloud obscure, I sat sublime,
Revolving o'er the scenes of modern time ;
At length arriv'd on earth, I then began,
With fix'd regard to view the sons of man :
Their various modes of wickedness to view,
And vices that I best approv'd, pursue.
I look'd, when lo appear'd a laughing train,
Tripping, fantastic, over Gallia's plain ;
Next Tagus' streams, and Spain's despotic bound
Rush'd on my sight, their vices swarm'd around..

First superstitious zeal, religion's bane,
 Barbarity and ign'rance in her train;
 Fetter'd devotion, weeping at her throne,
 And sense, obscur'd by priestcraft, faintly shone.
 There fell enthusiasm's mad'ning pow'r,
 And despotism, all happiness devour;
 No commerce smiles along her vacant streets,
 In ev'ry face a foe fair science meets.

Next Italy's degen'rate race I view'd,
 And eunuchs, who their loss of m-nh—d rue'd.
 But, still unsatisfy'd, the whirlwinds bear,
 In rapid progress, to the foggy air
 Of Germany, whose stupid sons, like swine,
 No pleasure know, but gluttony and wine.
 Hence I went on to Russia's wide domain,
 Where apathy and winter ever reign.

Long known, long notic'd in the ranks of fame,
 Here Cath'rine holds her celebrated reign;

* * * * *

With these, alas! some virtues mixt I found.

Full well she knows with justice to command,

To scatter plenty o'er a barren land.

Europe

THE DEVIL DIVORCED.

23

Europe on her with reverence and awe
Astonish'd looks, and owns her will for law.

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* * * * *

Your sov'reign will t' obey, to search around
I long persisted, but no place I found
Like that metropolis, where glides along,
In haughty state, the Thames, renown'd in song.
Here soft delights, and pleasure's smiling train,
And wickedness, and dissipation reign,
And fallow jealousy, with rankling tooth,
Debauchery, th' ambush'd foe of youth.
Ambition, that instructs the wretch to rise,
That he may fall a surer sacrifice.

Unlook'd

Unlook'd for sorrow, with her piercing dart,
 And secret envy, preying on the heart.
 Ingratitude, in friendship's seeming guise,
 That flily mocks the tear it forc'd to rise.
 The summer friend, in happy days receiv'd,
 By vain prosperity alone believ'd.
 Thicken the clouds, and low'ring storms come on,
 Instant the faithless sycophant is gone.
 Here fell corruption rears her baneful head,
 And spreads around an universal dread.
 Here vary'd luxuries debase the soul,
 With pleasure filling the Circean bowl.
 There, what is friendship? Friendship is a name
 Usurp'd by villainy, to gain its aim;
 Meer outward shew, to hide some deep deceit,
 And ev'ry social virtue to defeat.
 What are the beams the moon so bright displays,
 But the reflections of the solar rays?
 And is not this the case with specious man,
 Who, all thro' life, dissembles what he can?
 Who, when he seems ingenuous, just and true,
 Exhibits virtues which he never knew:

Whilst

Whilst his black heart, from whence all worth must flow,
With genial heat was never known to glow :
But as the moon deludes with outward grace,
His soul belies the features of his face.
But wickedness don't reign in man alone,
Soft female breasts alike th' invader own.
The inmost hearts I view'd of all the fair
Who live in Drury-lane or Grosvenor-square.
To Ranelagh I went, to gay Vauxhall ;
To S---- concert, Lady J---- ball ;
To Coterie, Caffino, Masquerade,
The Mall, Hyde-park, and Kensington parade.
At Teffier's, I saw a numerous band
Hearing a tongue they did not understand.
Others were list'ning to a eunuch's squeak,
Or saw in extacy, *le Dieu de Grace*, *Le Picq*.
Other fair nymphs their social hours abuse
In tales of scandal, and ill-natur'd news :
With seeming candour, scandal they express,
Scandal, the sweet'ner of a female feast.
Tea, scandal to their lying lips affords,
And prompts the mem'ry with detracting words.
There others vainly strove themselves to bless
With all the glare of equipage and dress.

The philosophic sage I will defy
 A woman's inclination e'er to spy;
 Their arts, their airs, their patches, and their paint,
 The inward harlot, and the outward faint.
 E'en I, with diabolic pow'rs endu'd,
 With difficulty great the search pursu'd.
 While fashion seems to be their only joy,
 Far other wishes all their souls employ:
 The macaroni, elegant and gay,
 Is a sure bait to charm their hearts away.
 All quit their sphere, and run with heedless haste
 Their riches to consume, their health to waste.
 One path there is, smooth, easy, strait, and true,
 Which virtue marks, and warns them to pursue:
 This they forsake, allur'd by outward shew,
 Hence discontent and disappointment flow.
 The brisk young parson's curl, the gay cockade,
 Temptations strong for any wife or maid,
 Banish the toilette trifles all away,
 And thoughts of k—g only bear the sway.
 Let stoics prate, with all their useless pride,
 Their maxims ne'er will be the fair one's guide:

They

They quit all fear of censure's simple rod,
And spurn alike the laws of man and God ;
Forfake the path with safety to be trod,
Forfake a sure, to seek a fancy'd god.

Plac'd on a sofa by her darling mate,
(Oh what in luxury can be so great ?)
~~Worship~~ I saw attend in loose array,
Tossing her — aloft, and thus I heard her say.

—— fulfils the laws by nature made,
And ev'ry woman loves the —— trade.
Soon as the —— —— —— appears,
And woman counts the suns of fourteen years,
Then nature operates thro' all her veins,
She feels unusual joys, unusual pains ;
Ascending from ——, she feels a ——
Invade the soft recesses of her heart ;
She longs to know —— —— —— —— blifs,
And —— in extacy each ardent —— ——.
Oft did I wonder why my blood should rise,
When man has only —— me by surprize.
Something it —— —— —— I can't relate,
And made me —— for I knew not what.

Thus

Thus to myself I reason'd on my state,
 At ——— years what cause can this create ?
 Springs it from nature that our ——— rise,
 And ——— wishes ——— in our eyes ?
 What then are all the lessons prudes have taught ?
 If ——— teaches, surely her's the fault.
 They always hide their real thoughts with art,
 And speak another language at the heart.
 Who reasons against ———, reasons wrong,
 Her arguments will always prove too strong.
 For all the philosophic pride of verse,
 Though musty J——n teach them to rehearse,
 Ask for what use the ——— seen to rise ?
 Why to be gently ——— each ——— replies,
 In manhood nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 And honour, 'tis agreed's a pleasing flow'r.
 And errs not ——— from great ———'s walk,
 To let that flow'r wither on the stalk ?
 If husbands ——— ——— ——— right,
 And cowardly retreat from ——— f——t,
 Then let us ——— ——— ——— ——— ;
 A fig for censure, and let prudes despise.

If branching horns Sir R—— front adorn,
 Old Adam's brows like ornaments have borne.
 The first fair *she* in —— was plac'd
 With each exciting charm by nature grac'd.
 Soon as th' expected pleasure was ——,
 And her —— wishes left ungratify'd;
 —— in her eye, and pleasure in her mind,
 She sought the place where —— — reclin'd.
 —— thus in Paradise began,
 And the first —— was the earliest man.
 The well-made D—— first obtain'd my love,
 Lord —— next, and —— strove.
 The joys that —— gives who would not claim?
 E'en the most prudish, virtue-loving dame,
 When —— st——d is —— high,
 Would —— the treasure, and let virtue die.
 If man thinks —— perfect happiness,
 What reason is there we should think it less?
 I'm sure that text I rightly understand,
 " —— and ——" is heav'n's command.
 Then —— —— —— —— my breast,
 And —— —— as cannot be express'd!

THE DEVIL DIVORCED.

31

But Plato's morals ——— foul improve,

Therefore no doubt her's is Platonic love.

The breast of B—— next I clearly view'd,

And with a microscope the search pursued.

On the black heart of this abandon'd elf,

In clearest characters was written ---- *self*.

On the reverse, in characters as plain,

And stamp'd in dye as deep, appear'd ---- *gain*.

Desire of more was spread o'er every fold,

Which rag'd more furiously the object ---- *gold*.

There mortgages I saw, schemes, calculations,

The course of 'change between the different nations.

I' the midst a spectre sat, by age bent double,

Her visage full of sorrow, care, and trouble;

Wan were her cheeks, neglected was her hair:

Her corps a skeleton, her name was----*Care*.

Pleas'd with the sight, I drew my sons aside,

And gently to another part apply'd,

To look for virtues; but none there could find,

Charity none, and all a blank behind.

Guess

Guess my surprise, when Devonshire appear'd,
A change like this, alas ! I never fear'd.
A curst reformation hath quite spoil'd
This, my most hopeful, most beloved child.
The flippant graces of the empty beau,
Pomp, equipage, parade, and shew ;
The youth with grace adorn'd, and blest with ---- parts,
Attractions ever had for female hearts :
But her, alas ! all these could ne'er induce
A husband's confidential love t' abuse.
In vain I've strove, with each infernal art,
To foil the innate goodness of her heart ;
In vain I've watch'd, in pleasure's vary'd guise,
In some ungarded moment to surprize.
She enter'd, but with cautious steps, that cell
Where riot, noise, and dissipation dwell.
Wing'd with diversions, all her moments flew,
Each day, each hour, presenting something new.
Auctions and breakfasts wore the morn away,
Each night th' opera, masquerade, or play.

Thus

Thus she, allur'd by pleasure's treach'rous brood,
Long time upon the brink of ruin stood :

The rapt'rous scenes the thoughtless fair invite,
And passion prompted to indulge delight.

She rush'd not rashly into ————,

Tho' strongly courted to ———— charms.

Tho' youth and beauty grac'd th' am'rous fair,

Yet youth and beauty never prov'd a snare.

In vain has A———, in vain has G——— strove

Her passions with each winning art to move ;

She never listen'd to their tales of love.

Superior still to all their crafty wiles,

She mocks each effort, and each art beguiles.

The sacred bonds o'the marriage vow to stain,

Tho' often press'd, yet ever press'd in vain.

With pleasure seeming drunk, but then most coy,

She trod the mazes of deluding joy.

Sp--n--r, I doubt not but you'll think too rash ;

What gate is there at which she will not dash ?

Nor wall, nor ditch, nor hedges can impede

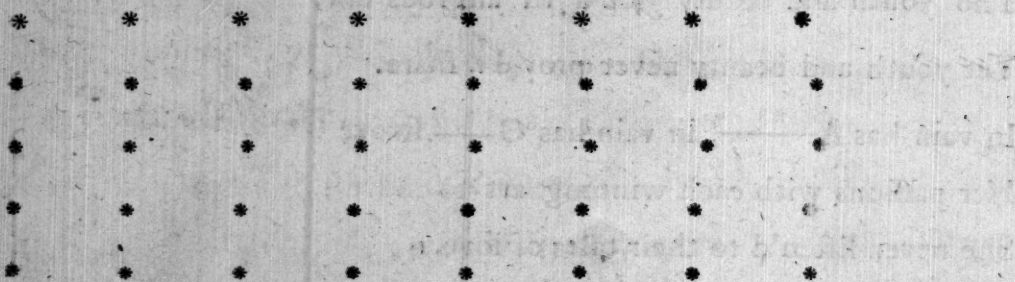
The daring rider of the mettled steed :

To her ye 'quires, to her ye Nimrods yield,

She ever shews the way to all the field.

*Edw. Spencer
daughter of the
D. of Marlborough*

From hunting often she returning late,
 A-bed and fast asleep will find her mate.
 In such a case pray what is to be done ?
 She cannot, she's so fearful, lay alone :
 And her *dear spouse* she would not chuse to wake ;



For A——, perhaps, you greater love may feel,
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel ;
 Which, as she guides thro' the admiring throng,
 With what a *knowing* air she smacks the thong ?
 Nor handles L— more dext'rously the reins,
 Nor whistles to his p—— horses sweeter strains.
 I can but think, great King, should you approve
 Of this fair charioteer to shew your love,
 How happily, upon the banks of Styx,
 You'd take the air in phaeton and fix ;
 Or now, with less parade, in open chair,
 To fam'd Elysium's happy groves repair ;

By

By way of change, now take a — upon
The shores of sweetly-flowing Plegethon.

P—— triumphing in a manly mien,
Whose talk is loud, whose sentiments, obscene,
And void of modesty, and void of sense,
Deafen the company with wild impertinence.
When she's provok'd, she'll rattle in your ear
Curfes and oaths like any grenadier.
If to mankind some certain — are giv'n,
For certain purposes, by bounteous Heav'n;
Of these she never hesitates to talk,
'Tis his who made — —, not her's the fault.

Next scandalizing Ab—— appears;
Mark what an everlasting smile she wears:
Without an angel, but within a rake;
Perhaps your —— you'll chuse to make.
Under the sacred guise of friendship, she
Full oft has prov'd the snake in grass to be;
And never scrupled, if to serve an end,
To kill the reputation of a friend;
She now, with looks significantly grave,
Murders the character she'd seem to save;

Insidiously now our bosom secret steals,
And then with fly sarcastic smile reveals.

On surly ^{Hume} ~~H~~ I chanc'd to cast my eye ;
"The plague of servants !" is her constant cry ;
On them all blame the angry mistress throws,
As the sole cause of her domestic woes :
But had her servants now, as slaves of old,
Once in a year a licence to be bold ;
Were they allow'd in self defence to rise,
And set their mistress' faults before her eyes,
Perhaps impartial justice would decree
That she is more to blame by far than they.
Suppose I, on the ground of Roman laws,
Expose her faults, and plead her servants' cause ;
If, Madam, one may judge from that disdain
With which you're wont to treat your household train,
You seem to doubt their right Heav'n's gifts to share,
To think, to speak, to breathe the common air.
But say, if yet you dare the truth disclose,
From whence this vast distinction first arose ;
That, among men with forms alike impress'd,
Some should exact such homage from the rest ?
Do you believe, as ancient poets say,
That you are really form'd of nobler clay ?

Has

Has nature form'd you with superior art ?
Or with more tender feelings warm'd your heart ?
Is your mind stor'd with notions more refin'd ?
Passions more calm, or senses more resign'd ?
No, Nature on all ranks her gifts bestows,
From Fortune only all the diff'rence flows :
'Tis she who made thee without merit great,
And those who should be serv'd, compels to wait.
But what more aggravates their wretched place,
Truth you pervert, to add to their disgrace.
First, they're extravagant ; but if your Lord
More servants keeps, than his estates afford ;
If, a meer slave to fashionable fame,
He scruples not to w—e, drink, rake, and game ;
If, inattentive to his own affairs,
He mortgages his lands, and robs his heirs ;
Or, spurning in his nonage all controul,
Annuities he fold, and nearly sunk the whole ;
Can servants, by frugality, restore
What vice and folly have destroy'd before ?
They're coxcombs too, and ape yourselves in dress,
The charge they own, and yet no fault confess.
'Tis true they're metamorphos'd into beaux ;
But say, who orders the embroider'd cloaths ?

Is it their choice to deck their brawny fists,

And see long ruffles dangling at their wrists ?

No, while so vainly dress'd, they glow with shame,

But your's the fault, and you yourself to blame.

B--- s, for the renown of being smart,

Would fix a dagger in a sister's heart.

Witty she wishes to be thought, but wit's

The fatal rock on which she e'er will split;

She underhand directs detraction's dart,

To wound the feelings of the tender heart ;

And dead herself to virtue and to shame,

Vices insinuates, she dares not name.

Pray, Lady B---, have you not heard

Of poor misf -----, but I say not a word ?

For no one's spotless, and without a flaw---

The world says this is not her first *faux pas*.

One circumstance I had forgot, 'tis nought,

L--- in the very fact was caught.

Such tales to spread good-nature would forget,

And candor mention with the last regret.

Behold what beauty decks fair J--f--y's face,

With all the lustre of superior grace ;

With

With such fine features, that you'd almost swear
Venus herself was never half so fair :

Yet, 'midst this blaze of charms, you here will find
A darksome blank vacuity of mind ;
A painted tulip, whose external form
Each eye might captivate, each bosom warm :
But so absurd, insipid, proud, and vain,
That folly breaks, while beauty forms the chain.

Above the rest, *Neve*, for vice renown'd,
Has greatest claim to share the imperial throne :
How shall I all her crimes enumerate ?
And how her praises justly celebrate ?
Puff'd up with pride, and insolently great,
She fears nor mortal, nor immortal hate ;
But, hurry'd headlong down th' impetuous tide
Of wrath, revenge, hate, insolence, and pride,
From crime to crime with bold desire proceeds,
And the whole circle of transgressions treads ;
Headlong to ev'ry wickedness she runs,
And virtue, like a dreaded monster, shuns.
Her smile farcastic, and her sneering grin,
Are but expressive of her mind within.
Her heart, obdurate as the hardest steel,
For no distresses but her own can feel.

Her

Her voice, her words, are equally severe,

And found alike ungracious to the ear.

Her spacious dressing-room I view'd around ;

But how shall I unfold what there I found ?

* * * * *

Lord Rochester was on her toilette laid,

And there the prints of ~~Aretine~~ display'd ;

Wilkes's Essay, and Ovid's Art of Love,

The —— of her inclinations prove ;

And with provocatives to have her fill,

There were the Memoirs of * F——y H——l.

Nor † A — — —, renown'd for dorsal strength,

Nor vig'rous C^{hel madley} — — —'s celebrated length,

Could

* This book, to the generality of my readers, will be better known by the title of the W——n of Pleasure.

† The late D-ke of —— and Lord —— were, for a long time, rivals in the fights of —— The most vigorous and most ambitious bucks of the age could not in any respect, stand in competition with either of them,

Could cause to cease her avarice for more,
For when they'd done their best, she'd cry for more.

The Empress Meffalina, as they say,
Not satisfy'd, but tir'd with ———, lay.
But ——— is much more to be admir'd,
For she was never satisfy'd, or tir'd.

* To celebrate the midnight orgies met,
She ever prov'd the l——t of the fet ;
The major part one ——— could supply,
And all their wanton wishes gratify :
But she, as president, would nightly claim,
To satiate her all absorbing flame,
Three ——— of Hibernian race,
For strength of back renown'd, and brawls of face.
Nay, sometimes, with a fourth, so great her —,
She'd parry p— for p—, and t—t for t—t.

L

Besides,

* Alluding to that celebrated club, composed of the D——s of ———, Ladies A——, L——, G——, W——y, and the Lady now spoken of, who was president. She was then known by the name of Lady ———, which she has lately changed, by marriage, to that of ———.

Besides, she scruples not to lie, game, cheat,
 Hell's blackest arts ten thousand times repeat.
 Her well-known merits claim that she should be
 First in the glorious roll of infamy.
 No haughty strumpet e'er can merit more
 To be anointed thy imperial w—e.

Satan reply'd, of N—— I approve,
 Above the rest she far deserves my love :
 Her charms are brighter, and her graces more,
 Than ever center'd in one fair before.
 Blest in her love, and in her vices blest,
 Content will now again possess my breast.
 No more tormented by connubial strife,
 I'll banish hence a long detested wife.

His loyal subjects catch the welcome sound,
 And peals of joy reverberate around ;
 The shores of Styx with acclamations roar,
 And shouts redoubled shakes th' lab'ring shore.

1 JA 55

F—I—N—I—S.

